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The

# KILROYS

No 26  
OCT.-  
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16

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ISSUE  
of  
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( ) STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Name)

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1 and 2

COLORED—Picture No. 1

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

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Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

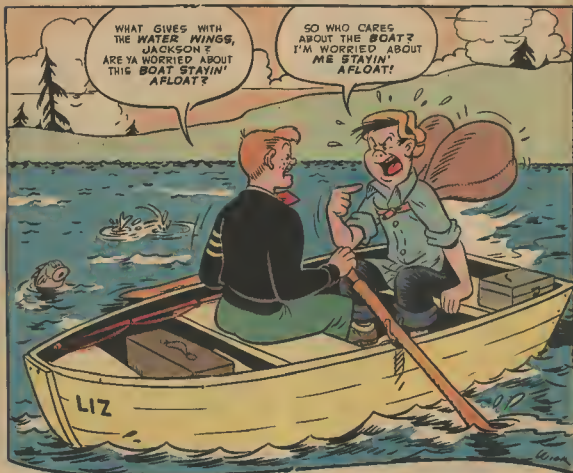


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# The KILROY KREW

"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS GOOD!"



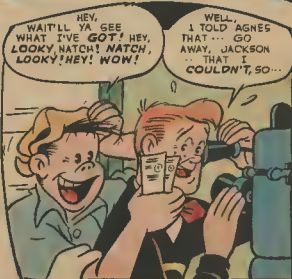
WHAT GIVES WITH THE WATER WINGS, JACKSON? ARE YA WORRIED ABOUT THIS BOAT STAYIN' AFLOAT?

SO WHO CARES ABOUT THE BOAT? I'M WORRIED ABOUT ME STAYIN' AFLOAT!



HEY, SLIM, YA SEEN NATCH? HIS MOM SAID HE CAME DOWN HERE!

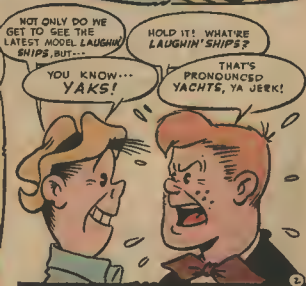
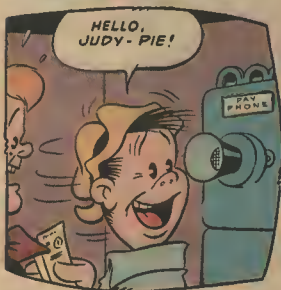
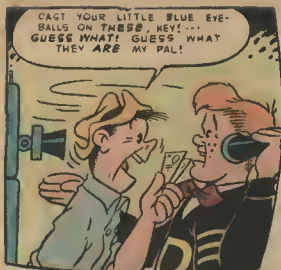
HE'S IN THE PHONE BOOTH, MAKIN' SMALL TALK WITH HIS CHICK!

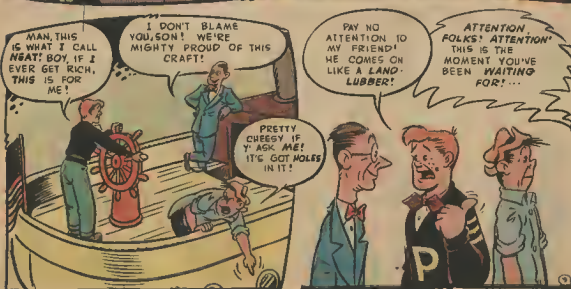
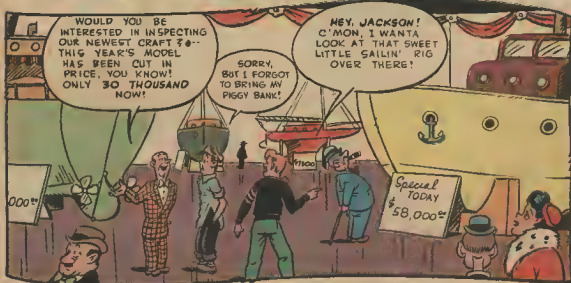
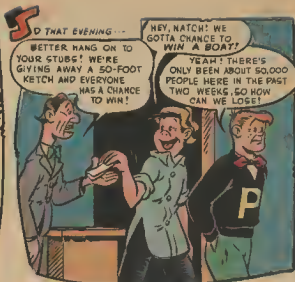
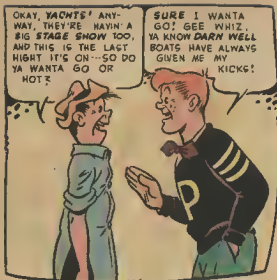


HEY, WAIT'LL YA SEE WHAT I'VE GOT! HEY, LOOKY, NATCH! NATCH, LOOKY! HEY! WOW!

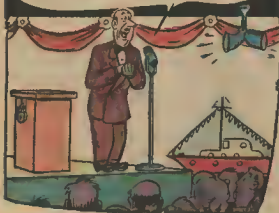
WELL, I TOLD AGNES THAT... GO AWAY, JACKSON... THAT I COULDN'T, SO...

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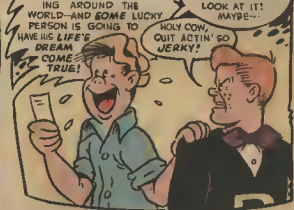
AS A FITTING CLIMAX TO THE GREATEST BOAT SHOW WE'VE EVER HAD, WE'RE GIVING AWAY A 50-FOOT, OCEAN-GOING KETCH, COMPLETELY STOCKED WITH A YEAR'S PROVISIONS!



THIS SHIP, GENEROUSLY DONATED BY THE MARTIN BOAT BUILDING COMPANY, IS CAPABLE OF SAILING AROUND THE WORLD—AND SOME LUCKY PERSON IS GOING TO HAVE HIS LIFE'S DREAM COME TRUE!

NATCH! NATCH! THIS IS IT! LOOKIT THE NUMBER ON YOUR TICKET! LOOK AT IT! MAYBE...

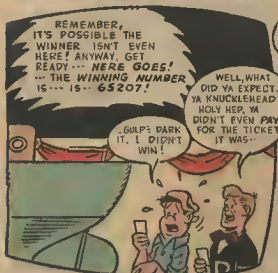
HOLY COW, QUIT ACTIN' SO JERKY!



REMEMBER, IT'S POSSIBLE THE WINNER ISN'T EVEN HERE! ANYWAY, GET READY... HERE GOES! ...THE WINNING NUMBER IS... 15... 65207!

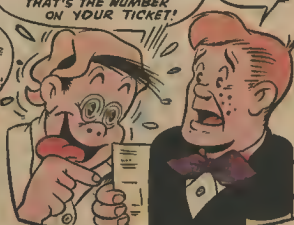
WELL, WHAT DID YA EXPECT, YA KNUCKLEHEAD? HOLY HEY, YA DIDN'T EVEN PAY FOR THE TICKET! IT WAS--

GULP! DARK IT, I DIDN'T WIN!



YEE-IPE! LOOKIT! I DIDN'T WIN, BUT YOU DID! THAT'S THE NUMBER ON YOUR TICKET!

HUH??



JUMPIN' JALOPIES, JACKSON. YOU'RE RIGHT! HEY! HEY! I WON! I'VE GOT THE WINNIN' NUMBER!

HEY, JOE, LOOK! SOME KID WON IT!

WHY, IT'S NATCH KILROY!



SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER-----

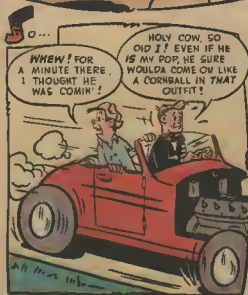
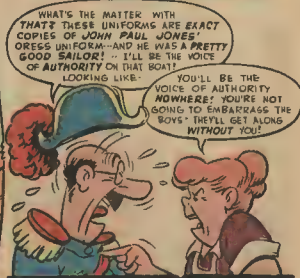
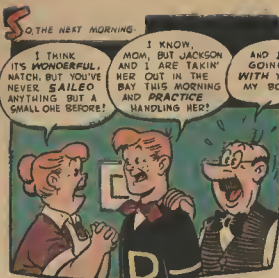
HOLD IT! I WANT A PICTURE FOR THE NEWS!

WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, SON! WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH 'ER... TAKE A TRIP?

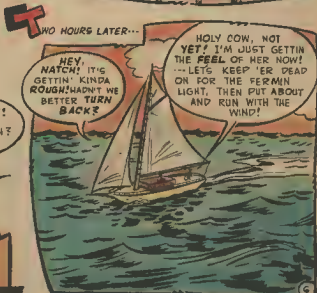
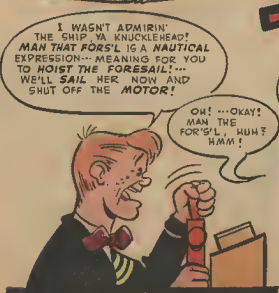
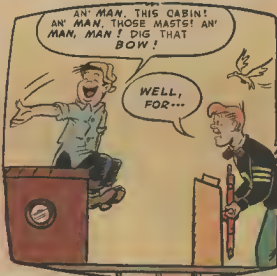
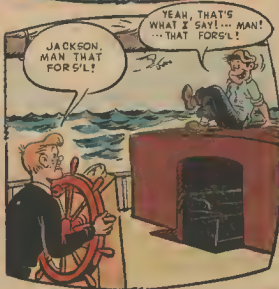
I'M GONNA LEARN TO SAIL 'ER RIGHT FIRST, SIR!

I HELPED HIM WIN! I GAVE 'IM THE TICKET!

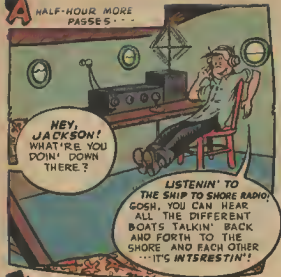




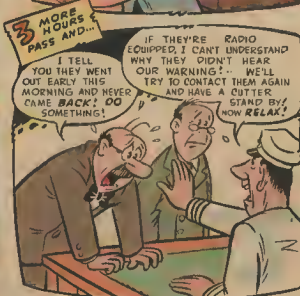
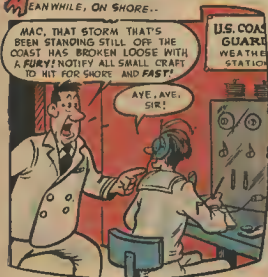




**A** HALF-HOUR MORE  
PASSES...



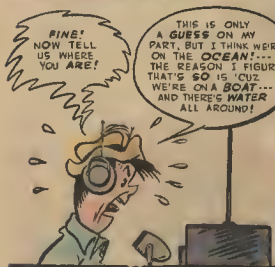
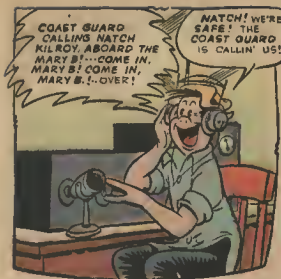
**3** MEANWHILE, ON SHORE...



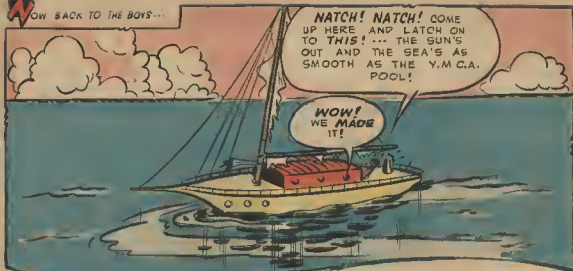
**4** AND BACK TO  
JACKSON AND NATCH...







**N**OW BACK TO THE BOYS...



**NATCH! NATCH!** COME UP HERE AND LATCH ON TO **THIS!** ... THE SUN'S OUT AND THE SEA'S AS SMOOTH AS THE Y.M.C.A. POOL!

**WOW!**  
WE MADE IT!

NOW WE CAN HEAD FOR HOME, HUH?

YEAH?... **HOW?**  
WHY, WE HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHICH DIRECTION TO GO! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO HOLD HER ON A STEADY COURSE AND WAIT FOR 'EM TO FIND US!



**S**O...

HEY, I'M REALLY GETTIN' MY KICKS OUTA THIS NOW, NATCH! IT'S **FUN** WHEN THERE ISN'T ANY **STORM** BLOWIN'!

YOU ARE SO REET, PETE!  
HEY, WHAT GIVES FOR CHOW? ... IT SURE **SMELLS GOOD!**

**BEANS!**



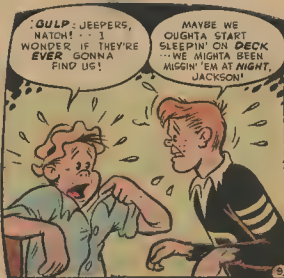
**S**EVERAL DAYS LATER....

**NOPE!**  
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHIN' NATCH!

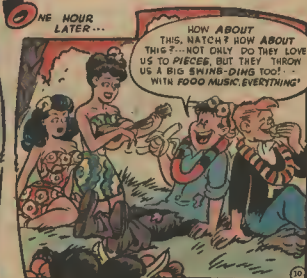
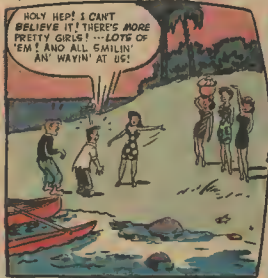
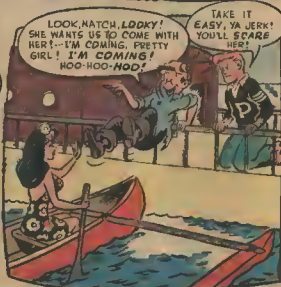
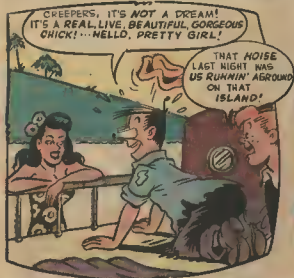
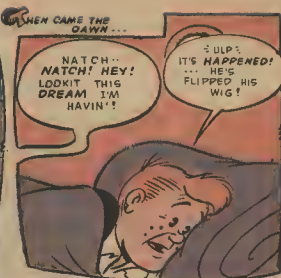


**GULP:** JEEPERS, NATCH! ... I WONDER IF THEY'RE EVER GONNA FIND US!

MAYBE WE OUGHTA START SLEEPIN' ON DECK ... WE MIGHTA BEEN MUGGIN' 'EM AT NIGHT, JACKSON!









AH! WHAT A LUCKY DAY IT WAS  
WHEN I GOT THOSE FREE TICKETS!  
... I HOPE I CAN LIVE LIKE THIS TILL  
I DIE! ... PEEL ME ANOTHER GRAPE,  
LOVELY!

WELL, YOU  
CAN'T MISS...  
LOOK!



Y'MEAN I'M  
GONNA LIVE  
LIKE THIS UNTIL  
I... YIPE!

I-I THOUGHT  
IT WAS FUNNY  
THERE WEREN'T  
ANY MEN  
AROUND!

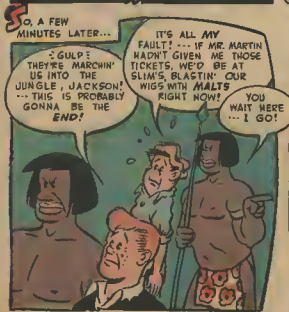


LET ME HANDLE THIS,  
NATCH? I READ A BOOK ONCE  
ON HOW DAN'L BOONE DEALT  
WITH THE INDIANS! ... HOW!  
ME BIG WHITE CHIEF! ...  
ME FRIEND!



OUCH!

YOU FOLLOW  
KULUOAH!

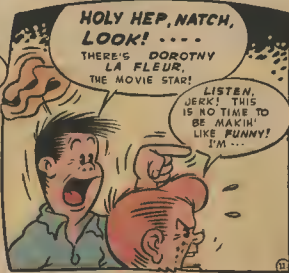


SO, A FEW  
MINUTES LATER...

GULP!  
THEY'RE MARCHIN'  
US INTO THE  
JUNGLE, JACKSON!  
... THIS IS PROBABLY  
GONNA BE THE  
END!

IT'S ALL MY  
FAULT! ... IF MR. MARTIN  
HADN'T GIVEN ME THOSE  
TICKETS, WE'D BE AT  
SLIM'S, BLASTIN' OUR  
WIGS WITH MALTS  
RIGHT NOW!

YOU  
WAIT HERE  
... I GO!

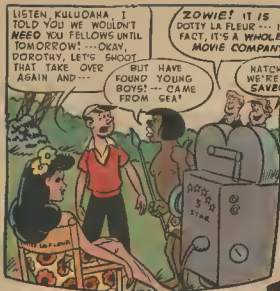


HOLY HEP, NATCH,  
LOOK! ...

THERE'S DOROTNY  
LA FLEUR,  
THE MOVIE STAR!

LISTEN,  
JERK! THIS  
IS NO TIME TO  
BE MAKIN'  
LIKE FUNNY!  
I'M ...





LISTEN, KULUOANA, I TOLD YOU WE WOULDN'T NEED YOU FELLOWS UNTIL TOMORROW! ---OKAY, DOROTHY, LET'S SHOOT THAT TAKE OVER AGAIN AND---

**ZOWIE!** IT IS DOTTY LA FLEUR --- IN FACT, IT'S A WHOLE MOVIE COMPANY!

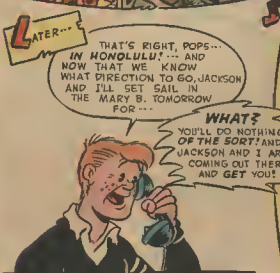
BUT HAVE FOUND YOUNG BOYS! --- CAME FROM SEA!

HATCH. WE'RE SAVED!

**AND SO...**  
AND THEN FINALLY WE LANDED HERE! --- BY THE WAY, SIR, JUST WHERE ARE WE?

YOU'RE ON ONE OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. SON! DOGGONE IF YOUR STORY ISN'T AS FANTASTIC AS SOME OF THE MOVIES WE MAKE-- EH, DOROTHY?

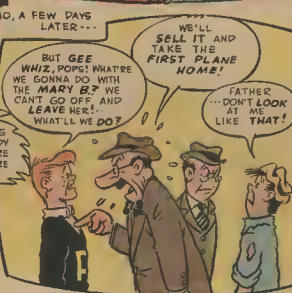
RIGHT. HARRY! AND I THINK THE BOYS SHOULD BE TAKEN TO HONOLULU AND THEIR PARENTS NOTIFIED NOW!



**LATER...**

THAT'S RIGHT, POPS... IN HONOLULU!... AND NOW THAT WE KNOW WHAT DIRECTION TO GO, JACKSON AND I'LL SET SAIL IN THE MARY B. TOMORROW FOR---

**WHAT?**  
YOU'LL DO NOTHING OF THE SORT! ANDY JACKSON AND I ARE COMING OUT THERE AND GET YOU!

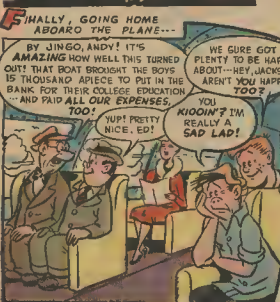


**SO, A FEW DAYS LATER...**

BUT GEE WHIZ, POPS: WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO WITH THE MARY B.? WE CAN'T GO OFF AND LEAVE HER!... WHAT'LL WE DO?

WE'LL SELL IT AND TAKE THE FIRST PLANE HOME!

FATHER... DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!



**FINALLY, GOING HOME ABOARD THE PLANE---**

BY JINGO, ANDY! IT'S AMAZING HOW WELL THIS TURNED OUT! THAT BOAT BROUGHT THE BOYS 15 THOUSAND A PIECE TO PUT IN THE BANK FOR THEIR COLLEGE EDUCATION --- AND PAID ALL OUR EXPENSES, TOO!

WE GURE GOT PLENTY TO BE HAPPY ABOUT---HEY, JACKSON? AREN'T YOU HAPPY TOO?

YOU KIDDOIN'? I'M REALLY A SAD LAD!

YUP! PRETTY NICE, ED!



WE'RE GONNA HAVE FIVE WEEKS OF HOMEWORK TO MAKE UP!

THE END 12

# "U.S. ROYAL"

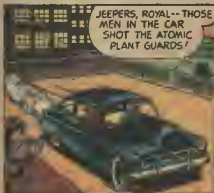
WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"AFTER THE  
ATOM SPIES"



JEEPERS, ROYAL--THOSE  
MEN IN THE CAR  
SHOT THE ATOMIC  
PLANT GUARDS!



AS THE MYSTERIOUS CAR SPEEDS  
AWAY, DEPUTY U. S. ROYAL AND  
BIKE CLUB BOYS GO INTO ACTION!

BOB, YOU LOOK AFTER  
THOSE GUARDS, WHILE  
TOM NOTIFIES THE  
F.B.I....I'M TAKING  
OFF AFTER THAT CAR!



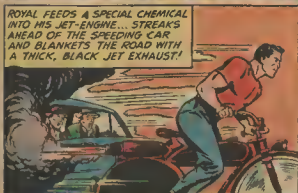
SOON, INSIDE THE CAR...

HEY, SOME GUY  
ON A BIKE IS  
FOLLOWING  
US! SHOULD  
I PLUG HIM?

NAH.. SAVE YOUR  
BULLETS, MUGSY  
... WE'LL LOSE  
HIM-- WE'RE  
DOING 60 NOW!



ROYAL FEEDS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL  
INTO HIS JET-ENGINE... STREAKS  
AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR  
AND BLANKETS THE ROAD WITH  
A THICK, BLACK JET EXHAUST!

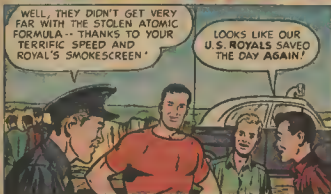


DROP THAT GUN,  
BUO... YOU WON'T  
NEED IT WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING!



WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET VERY  
FAR WITH THE STOLEN ATOMIC  
FORMULA-- THANKS TO YOUR  
TERRIFIC SPEED AND  
ROYAL'S SMOKESCREEN!

LOOKS LIKE OUR  
U. S. ROYALS SAVED  
THE DAY AGAIN!



FELLAS, FOR SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...  
FIRM FOOTING... MORE MILEAGE... AND  
PERFECT CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT  
U. S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR  
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN  
TRY THEM AND SEE



"YOU CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY--  
WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U. S.  
ROYALS WITH THE BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN" SAYS U. S. ROYAL



NO WEATHER'S TOO ROUGH, NO  
ROADS ARE TOO TOUGH-- WHEN  
YOU'RE RIDING ON U. S. ROYAL  
BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN BE SAFE..  
GET U. S. ROYALS TODAY!

## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

# Record RUSE

**T**IM HARRIS was desperate---and he had good reason to be. His best girl, Louise Parker---the prettiest chick in Central High---had publicly slapped his face and furiously declared that she never wanted him to speak to her again.

And there was no way for Tim to plead his case, to explain about that new girl she'd seen him dating---for she hung up every time she heard his voice on the phone, tore up the baaeeching notes he sent her in class, and stalked haughtily away whenever he tried to approach her. If only he could---wait! Maybe there was a way!

The next morning, Tim walked into his speech class and saw that there was an empty seat next to Louise. Smiling hopefully, he slid into the seat---and felt himself just shriveling up in agony as Louise gathered up her books and papers and walked over to another empty seat on the opposite side of the classroom. "This has got to work," Tim thought grimly. "If it doesn't, I'll be the laughing-stock of the class---and Louise'll hate me more than ever!"

The opening bell clanged away in the corridors, and Miss Finch, the speech teacher, smiled brightly out at the class. "Today we're going to begin an analysis of speech faults---and as I told you yesterday, the best way for you to realize your own speech defects is to hear yourself as others hear you. Did any of you bring in a recording of his or her voice, as I suggested?"

Eagerly, Tim jumped up, waving the record he'd made on his home-

recorder last night. Smiling at his enthusiasm, Miss Finch said, "All right, Timothy. You may be the first to play us a voice recording. I want the rest of you to pay careful attention to any speech faults you discern, so that you can offer some constructive criticism when the record is over."

With trembling hands, Tim placed the record on the school phonograph, and the first words began emerging from the loud-speaker:

"With apologiea to Miss Finch and to the rest of the class, I'd like to take this opportunity to explain to Louise Parker the real reason for---"

Tim looked up in panic as he saw Louise leap to her feet, eyes blazing, face white with anger. But then, before Louise could turn to leave the room, Miss Finch's stern voice cut in: "Louise---sit down! You haven't been excused!"

With a sigh of relief, Tim saw Louise obediently sit down---and a glow of happiness began spreading over him as he watched a faint smile tug at the corners of her mouth. Their eyes met, and Tim knew that she wasn't even listening to the record---that she was smiling at him as if he were the boldest, cleverest, most adorable boy she'd ever known!

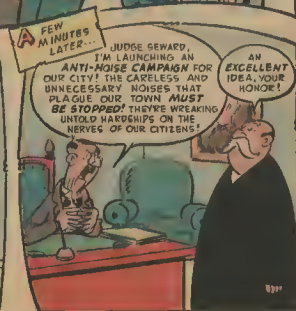
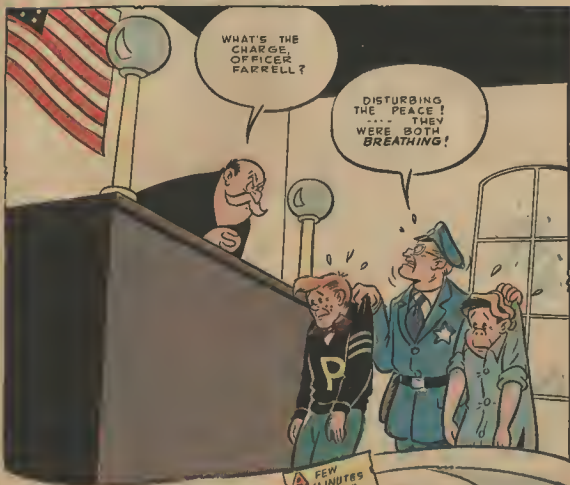
When the record was over, Miss Finch tried to keep a straight face as she asked, "Well, any criticisms? Louise, did you detect any faults in Timothy's speech?"

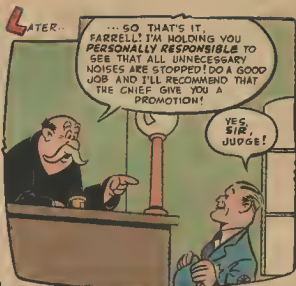
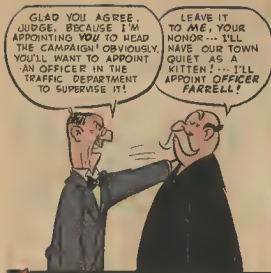
"No," Louise sighed. "I... I thought it was wonderful!"



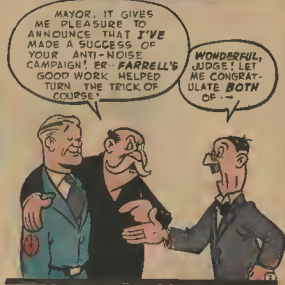
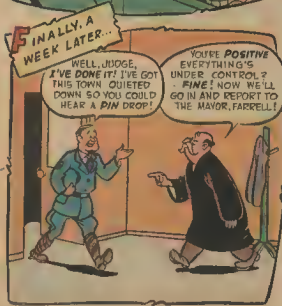
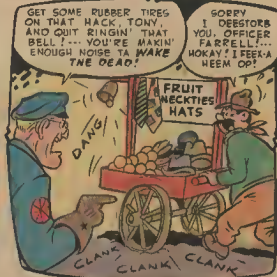
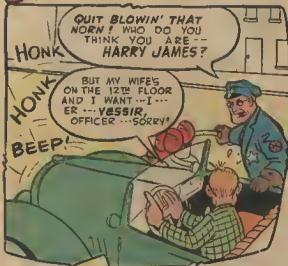
# Natch

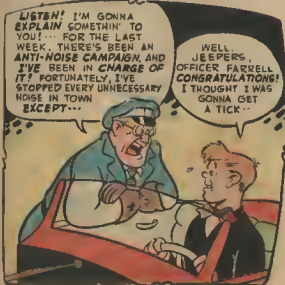
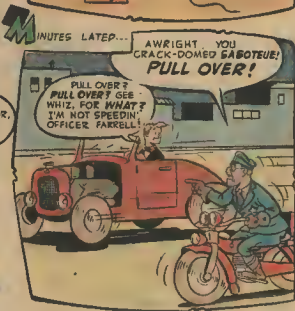
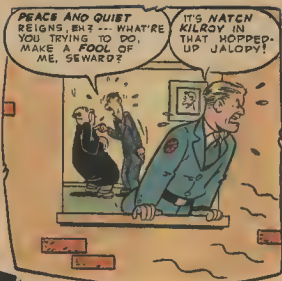
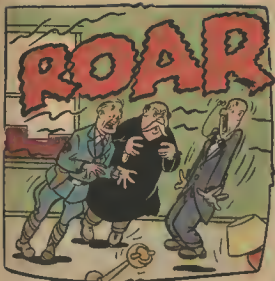
"NO NOISE IS GOOD NOISE!"





**S**o, for the next few days...





PEACE AND QUIET  
REIGNS, EH? --- WHAT'RE  
YOU TRYING TO DO,  
MAKE A FOOL OF  
ME, SEWARD?

IT'S NATCH  
KILROY IN  
THAT HOPPED-  
UP JALOPY!

**M**INUTES LATER...

AWRIGHT, YOU  
CRACK-DOMED SABOTEUR!  
**PULL OVER!**

PULL OVER?  
**PULL OVER?** GEE -  
WHIZ, FOR WHAT?  
I'M NOT SPEEDIN',  
OFFICER FARRELL!

YES SIR,  
YER HONOR,  
YES SIR!

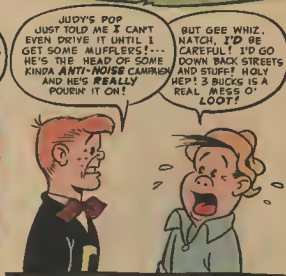
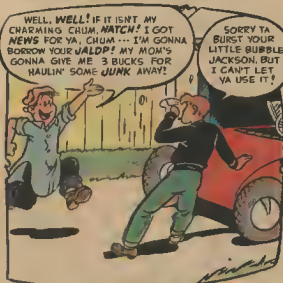
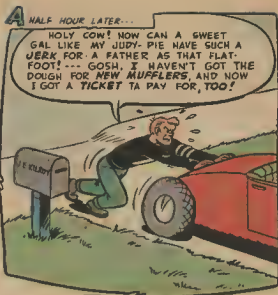
**LISTEN!** I'M GONNA  
EXPLAIN SOMETHIN' TO  
YOU! ... FOR THE LAST  
WEEK, THERE'S BEEN AN  
ANTI-NOISE CAMPAIGN, AND  
I'VE BEEN IN CHARGE OF  
IT! FORTUNATELY, I'VE  
STOPPED EVERY UNNECESSARY  
NOISE IN TOWN  
EXCEPT---

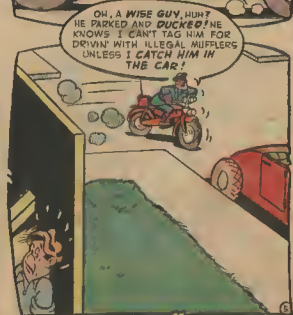
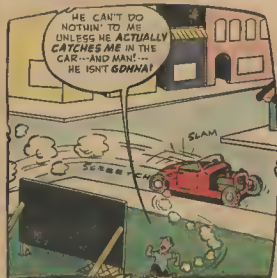
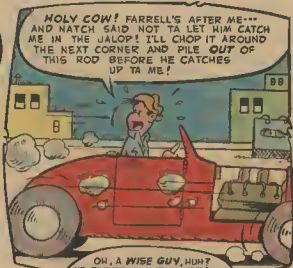
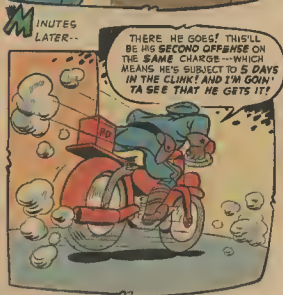
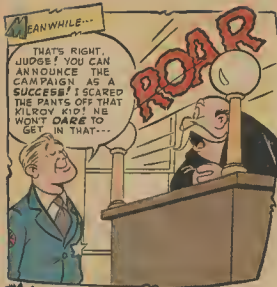
WELL,  
JEEPERS,  
OFFICER FARRELL  
CONGRATULATIONS!  
I THOUGHT I WAS  
GONNA GET  
A TICK--

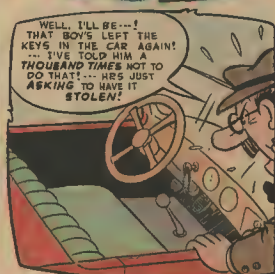
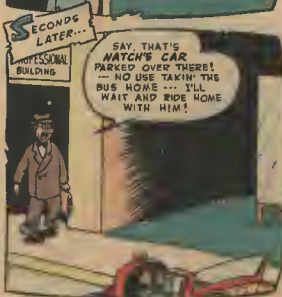
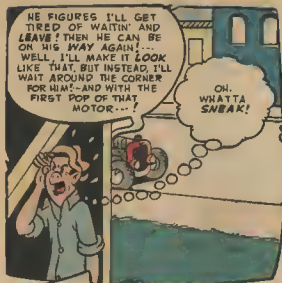
**DON'T CONGRATULATE ME,**  
YOU BIRD-BRAIN BECAUSE THERE  
WAS ONE NOISE I MISSED! YOU AND  
THE STRAIGHT PIPES \* ON THIS  
MECHANICAL FRANKENSTEIN'S  
MONSTER!

WERNHART PIPES  
WITHOUT MUFFLERS!

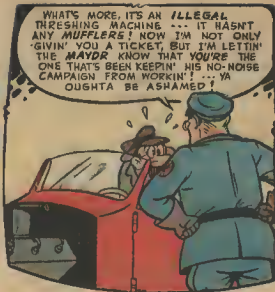




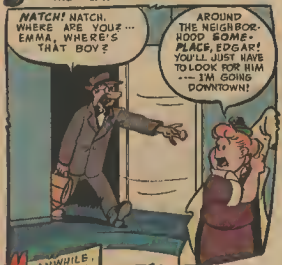




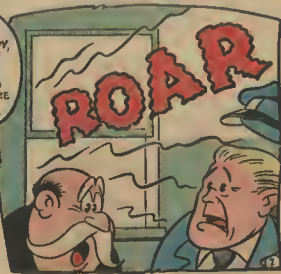
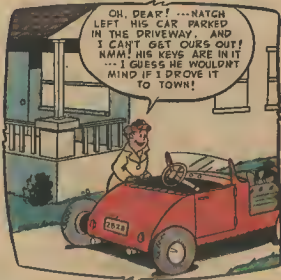
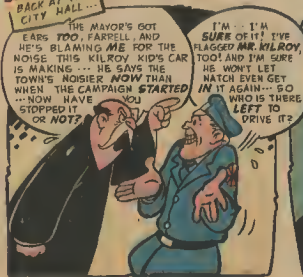


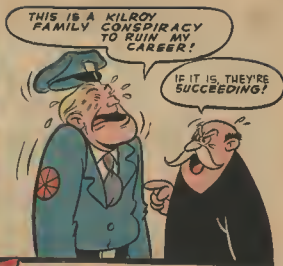
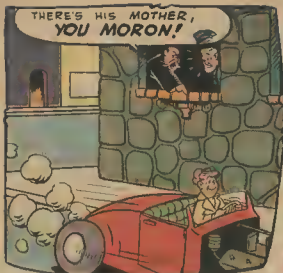


SO, AFTER EDGAR PUSHED THE CAR HOME...

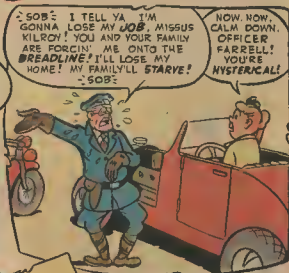


MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CITY HALL...

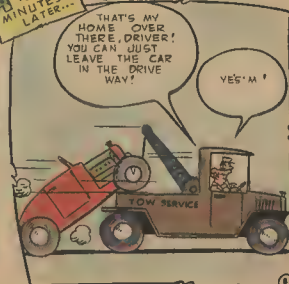




SO FARRELL STOPS MRS. KILROY...

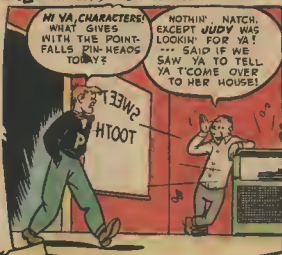


A FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER...

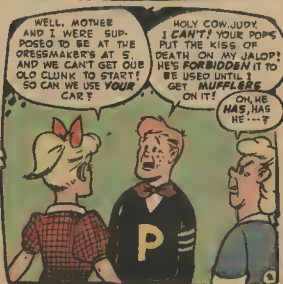
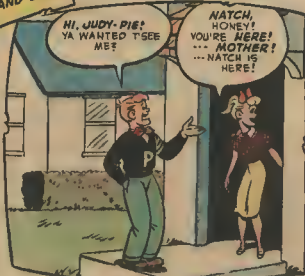




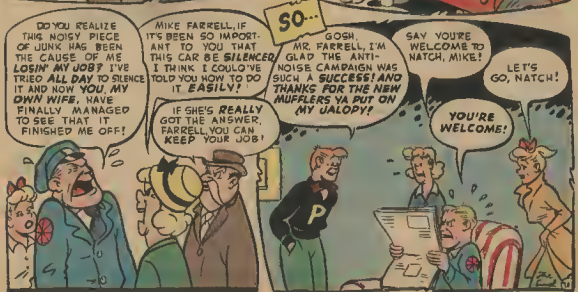
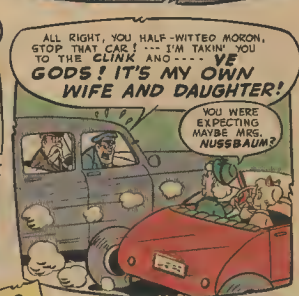
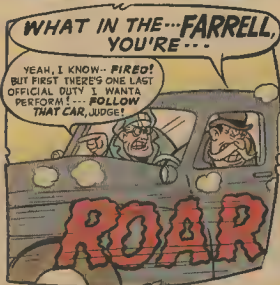
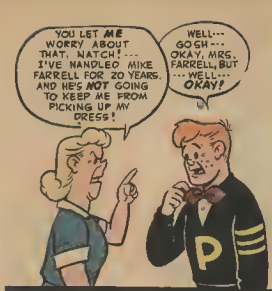
**M**EANWHILE, AT THE SWEET TOOTH...

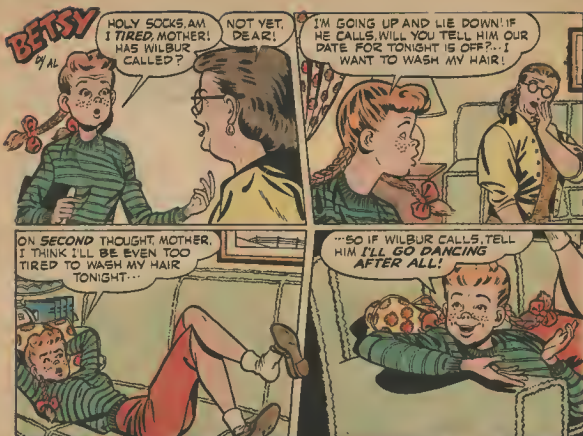


AND SO...









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# BABY-SITTING BLUES

**R**ED FARRELL and Lou Walters were sitting disconsolately in the offices of the town's Baby-Sitting Bureau---and both looked as if they would never smile again.

"There's no point in going to the prom tonight," Red said gloomily. "Not when Margie isn't going."

"Yeah," Lou agreed sadly. "If the newest and prettiest girl in town won't be at that dance, we might as well not waste our time by going---we're better off earning half a buck an hour by baby-sitting!"

The phone suddenly rang in the office, and when Mrs. Benton, in charge of the Baby-Sitting Bureau, finally hung up, she said, "Well, one of you boys is in luck! All the regular baby-sitters seem to be going to the prom tonight, so one of you can have the honor of sitting for the Johnsons, over on Center Street. Mr. Johnson just called up to say that his daughter finally decided to go to the prom, and since Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are going out, too, they'll need a baby-sit---wait! Where are you boys going---don't you want to do any baby-sitting tonight?"

"Not me!" Red shouted over his shoulder as he leaped for the door. "If Margie Johnson is going to the prom, nothing is going to keep me from being there!"

"Yeah," said Lou as he followed close on Red's heels. "And I'm not going to let anyone monopolize her---I intend getting my share of dances with her!"

"But I already told Mr. Johnson that I'd send someone down there!" wailed Mrs. Benton. "If neither of you goes, it'll ruin their plans!"

Then, as the door slammed behind the two boys, Mrs. Benton sighed. "Oh, well---I'll just have to call them back and tell them I can't supply a baby-sitter for them!"

Half an hour later, Mrs. Benton looked up in surprise as the sheepish Lou Walters ambled into the office. "I...I got to thinking what you said about making the Johnsons change their plans, and I...I thought it would be a dirty deal after you promised them a baby-sitter. So I decided to come back and baby-sit for them. Maybe I...I'll get a dance with Margie at next year's a prom!"

Mrs. Benton smiled kindly at him. "That was very thoughtful of you, Lou. Now you hurry on down to the Johnson's while I call them up and tell them you're coming."

When Lou got to the Johnson's home and rang the bell, he nearly sank to the floor when he saw a radiantly lovely vision in a flowing white party dress answer the door. It was Margie!

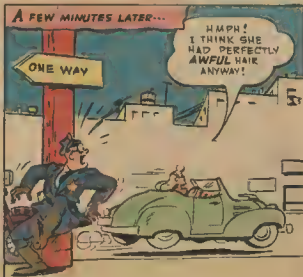
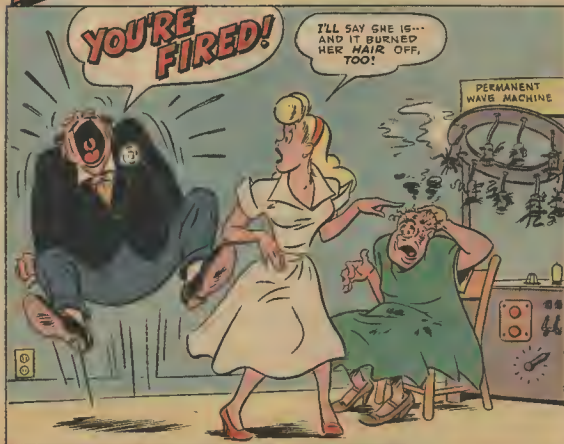
"But...but I thought you...you were going to the prom," Lou stammered out.

"I was," Margie smiled brightly at him; "but when Mrs. Benton called back the first time and said she couldn't send over a baby-sitter, I told my folks that they could go out and I'd watch little Bobby. And when she called back a second time, it was too late to go to the prom---and anyway, I didn't really want to---when Mrs. Benton told me how thoughtful and considerate you were. I...I thought we might have our own little prom here, dancing to radio music!"

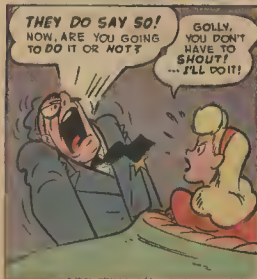
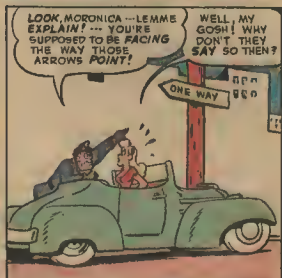
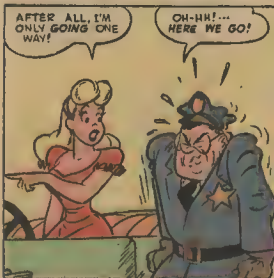
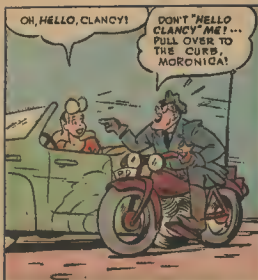
Lou beamed as he entered. "Golly, just think---there won't even be anyone to cut in!"

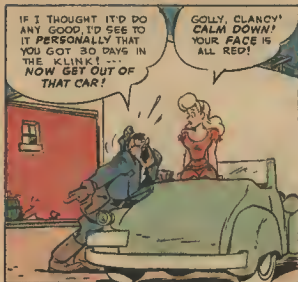
# MORONICA

MISS NITWIT OF 1950









IF I THOUGHT IT'D DO ANY GOOD, I'D SEE TO IT PERSONALLY THAT YOU GOT 30 DAYS IN THE KLINK! ... NOW GET OUT OF THAT CAR!

GOLLY, CLANCY! CALM DOWN! YOUR FACE IS ALL RED!



NOW IF YOU'LL STAND BACK, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO!



YA GET IT NOW? ... YOU'RE BOTH SUPPOSED TO GO THE WAY THE ARROW POINTS!

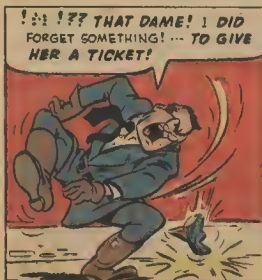
WELL, WHADDEYA KNOW?

**ZOOM!**



GEE, THANKS A LOT, CLANCY! BE SEEIN' YA!

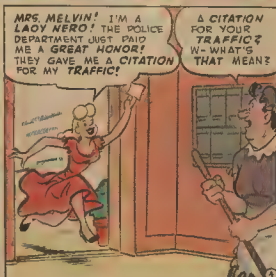
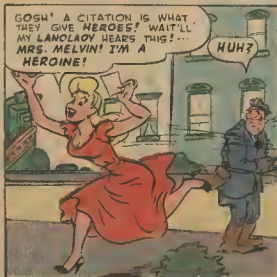
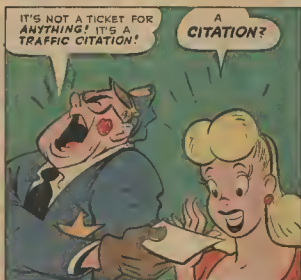
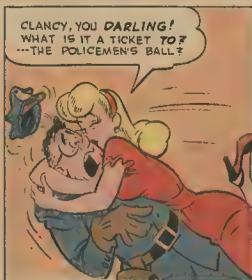
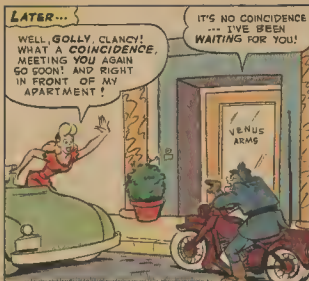
I HOPE NOT! ... DOGGONE, SEEMS LIKE I FOR-GOT SOMETHING!

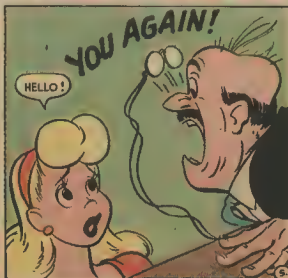
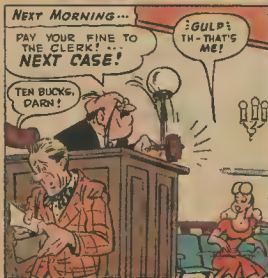
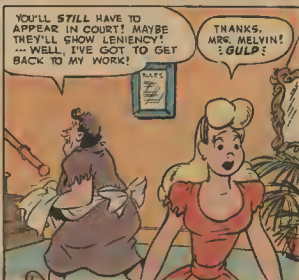
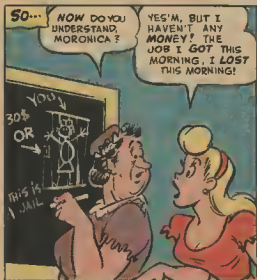
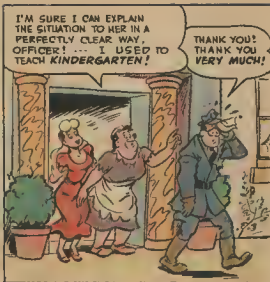
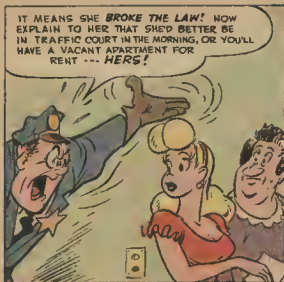


!?!? THAT DAME! I DID FORGET SOMETHING! ... TO GIVE HER A TICKET!

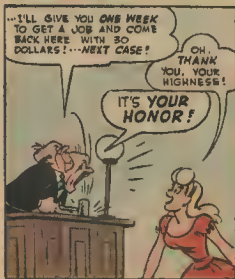
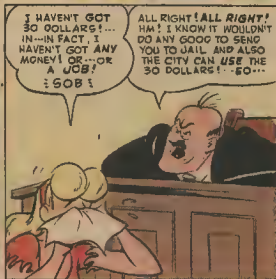
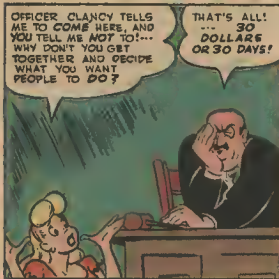
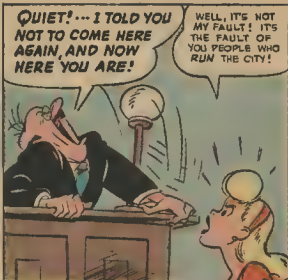
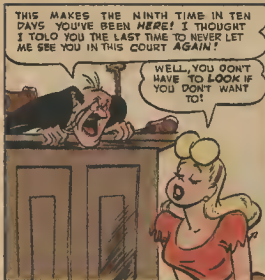


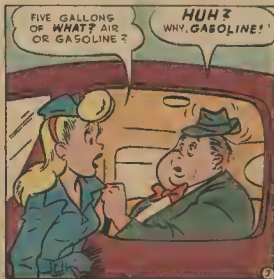
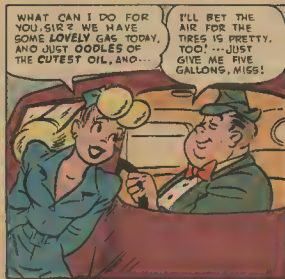
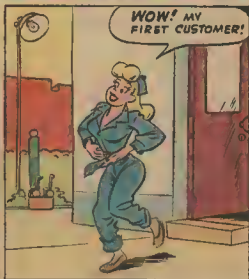
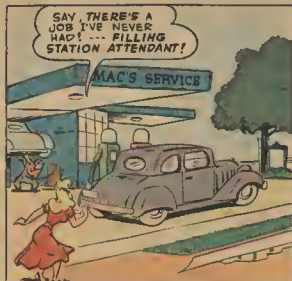
WELL, SHE'S STILL GONNA GET ONE! I'LL GO OUT TO HER APARTMENT HOUSE AND WAIT! DOGGONE @!?!? DUMB DAME!

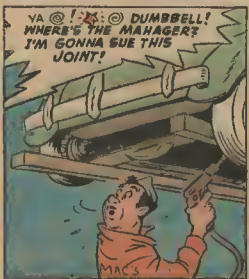
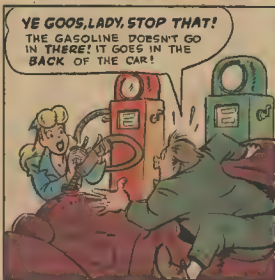
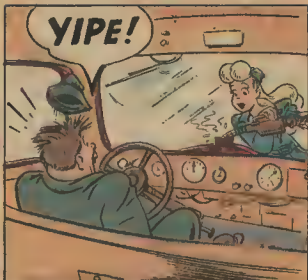
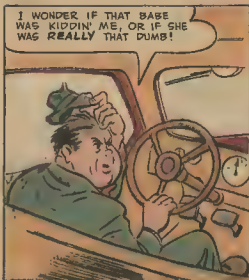


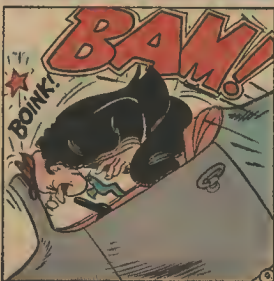
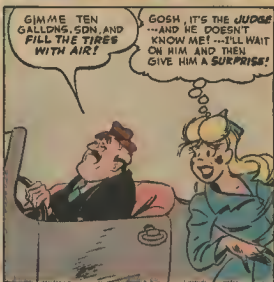
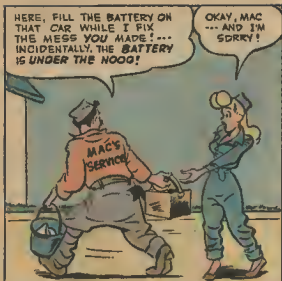




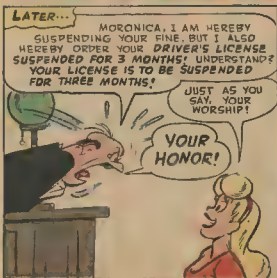
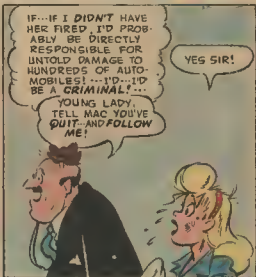
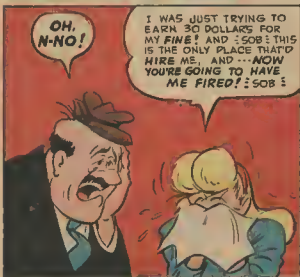
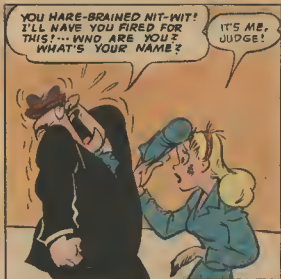
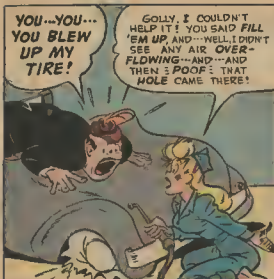






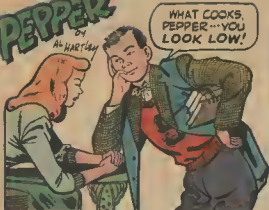




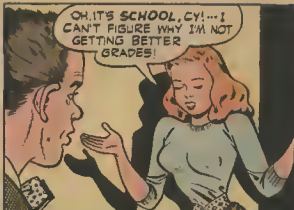


**PEPPER**  
by  
AL HARTLEY

WHAT COOKS,  
PEPPER...YOU  
LOOK LOW!



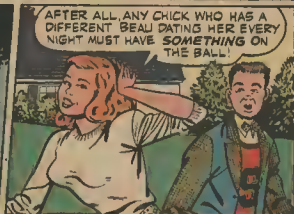
OH, IT'S SCHOOL, CY!...I  
CAN'T FIGURE WHY I'M NOT  
GETTING BETTER  
GRADES!



I CAN DIG THAT STUFF OKAY...I MEAN,  
IT'S NOT THAT I'M NOT SMART OR  
BRIGHT ENOUGH!



AFTER ALL, ANY CHICK WHO HAS A  
DIFFERENT BEAU DATING HER EVERY  
NIGHT MUST HAVE **SOMETHING** ON  
THE BALL!



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52  
PAGES



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# BICYCLE **BUILT** for **TWO**

"**S**AY, GANG," Jennifer called out as she entered the soda shoppe, "I've got a really slick idea---how about all of us going on a bike ride tomorrow? We can pair off in couples, but we'll all go together!"

The chorus of assenting shouts was almost deafening---and Jennifer basked in the knowledge that it was *her* idea that had aroused such excitement. Now if she could only arouse an equal amount of enthusiasm in Jim Harder when she asked him to pair off with her tomorrow...

But as Jennifer approached the table at which Jim was sitting with Sylvia Gaines, she overheard Sylvia say, "Why, I'd love to go with you, Jim---it'll give me a chance to use the new bike I just bought!"

Jennifer's face flushed with anger, but she managed to turn aside and busy herself with the juke box before anyone could see how furious she was. When she managed to regain control over herself, she turned to the gang and said with all the sweetness she could summon up, "And to give us an earlier start, why don't we all meet at Sylvia's house in the morning---since she lives nearest to the road leading out of town?"

Again, there was a chorus of agreeing shouts, and again Jennifer's vanity expanded almost to the bursting point. But she knew she wouldn't be satisfied until Jim Harder began feeding her vanity with *his* attention---and tomorrow, she was sure, she'd have him all to herself and she could start latching onto him.

The next morning, Jennifer made sure that she was one of the first to be at Sylvia's house. But by the time Sylvia came down, smiling happily, almost everyone else was there, including Jim. "Be with you in a minute," Sylvia called out. "I just have to get my bike out of the garage."

A moment later, a cry of dismay brought the whole gang trooping into the garage---where they saw a tearful Sylvia standing in front of a bicycle whose tires had been thoroughly slashed!

Jennifer viewed her handiwork of the night before with suppressed glee, but her voice took on a sympathetic note as she said, "Oh, too bad, Sylvia. I guess you can't come with us---we can't wait until you bring the bike into town to be fixed. We'll have to leave without you---come on, Jim."

Jim Harder shook off the hand that Jennifer had placed possessively on his arm. "Wait a minute," he said. "Sylvia---you said this was your *new* bike. Is your *old* bike in working order?"

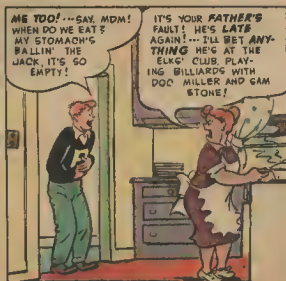
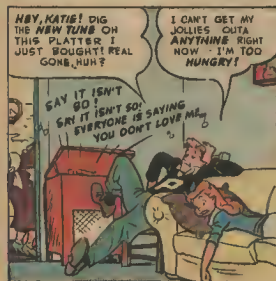
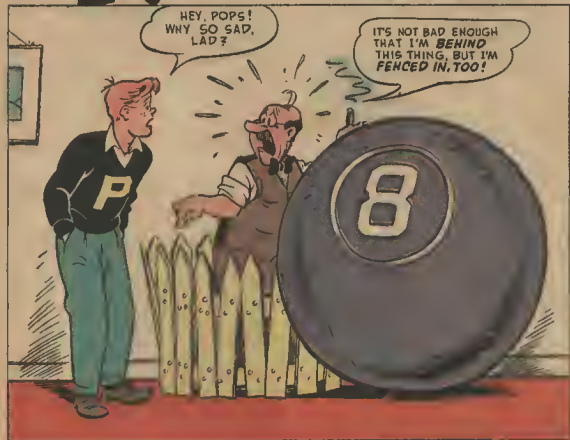
Dismally, Sylvia shook her head. "I traded it in," she mourned. "The only one around is Dad's old heap---but it's a *bicycle built for two!*"

"Well, what's wrong with *that*?" Jim said, grinning. "I'll leave my bike behind---let's go!"

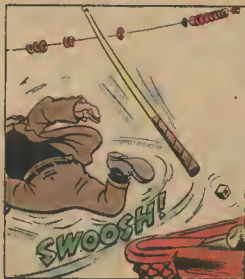
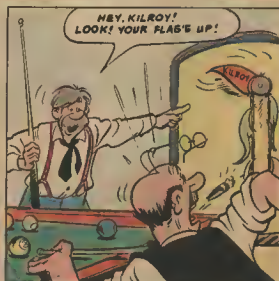
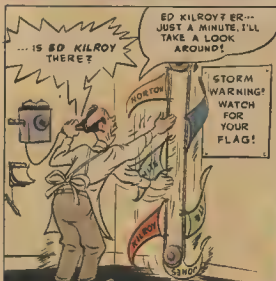
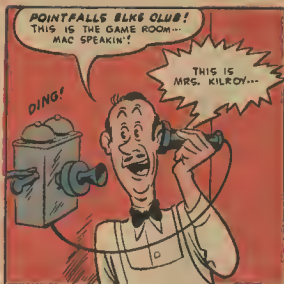
And as Jennifer saw the two smiling, happy riders of the two-seated bicycle come coasting out of the garage and down the country road, she turned and rode furiously back to town---by herself!

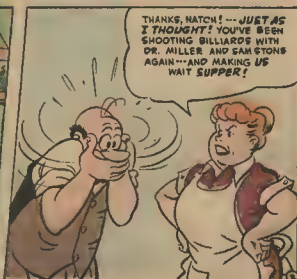
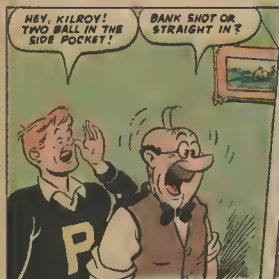
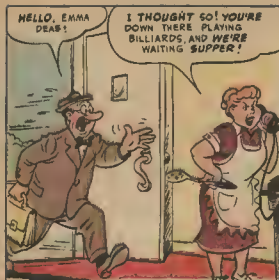
# The KILROYS

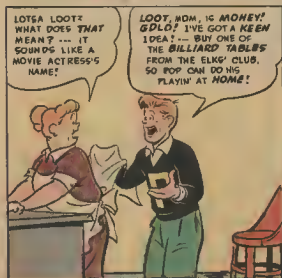
in  
"YA CAN'T WIN!"











SO THE NEXT DAY, AT  
THE ELKS' CLUB...

HEY, KEEN, HEY!  
O'MON, JACKSON!  
LET'S TAKE A  
TRAIN!\*

I'VE BEEN WANT-  
ING TO GET RID OF  
THIS OLD TABLE FOR  
TEN YEARS, NATCH!  
... I WAS MIGHTY  
GLAD YOUR MOM  
WANTED TO BUY  
IT!

\* START BEING USEFUL

LATER...

THAT'S FINE, BOYS!  
RIGHT THERE, WILL  
BE ALL RIGHT! NOW  
I'LL CALL EDGAR  
AND MAKE SURE  
HE COMES RIGHT  
HOME!

HOLY COW!  
I'M REALLY  
WOOFED!...  
THIS THING  
MUST BE MADE  
OF CAST IRON!

YOU AIN'T JUST  
KIDDIN', FUNNY  
MAN!

AND LATER STILL...

WHAT IN...?  
WOW! A  
BILLIARD  
TABLE!

AND IT'S YOURS,  
EDGAR! IF YOU'RE  
GOING TO PLAY, YOU  
MIGHT AS WELL DO  
IT AT HOME!

WHOOPEE! WAIT'LL DOG AND SAM  
HEAR THIS!... I GOTTA CALL 'EM RIGHT  
AWAY!

HEH-HEH! I'M GONNA  
REALLY PIN KILROY'S  
EARS BACK TODAY!  
... AND YOURS TOO,  
SAM!... HEH-HEH!

SAY, WHERE  
IS ED?

HE'S RIGHT  
HERE ON THE  
PHONE, AND  
HE WANTS TO  
TALK TO YOU!

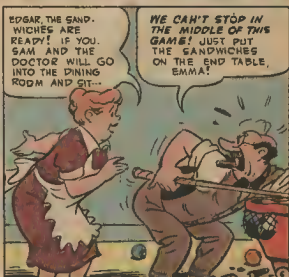
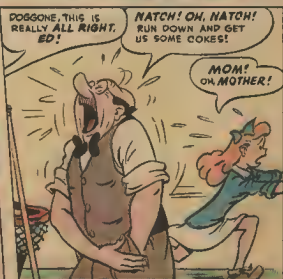
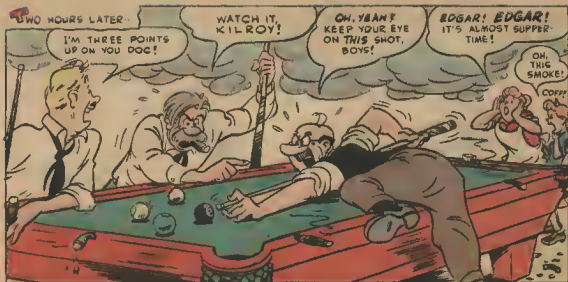
-- IN A MATTER OF MINUTES --

DOGGONE, KILROY, TOLD  
COOT, THIS IS REALLY  
SOMETHIN'!

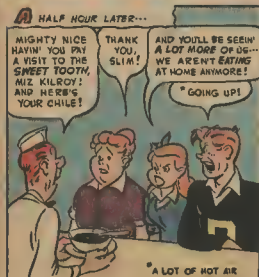
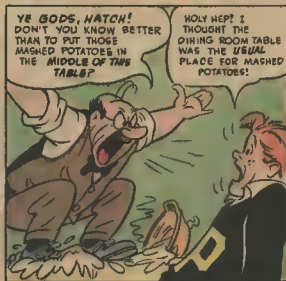
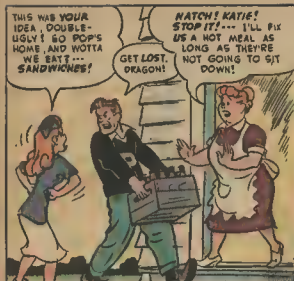
SAVE YOUR  
BREATH, BOYS, AND  
GRAB YOUR CUES!  
HEH-HEH!

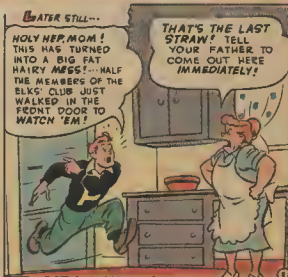
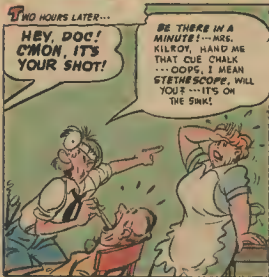
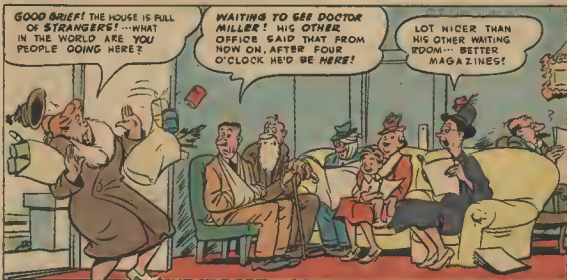
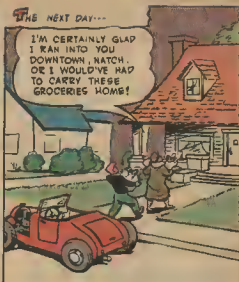
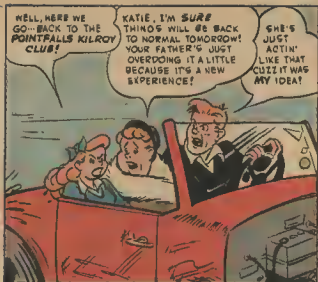
WELL, NATCH! IT  
LOOKS LIKE WE EAT  
ON TIME FROM  
NOW ON!

YEAH!









EDGAR, THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH! I WANT YOU TO GET RID OFF ALL THOSE PEOPLE IMMEDIATELY!

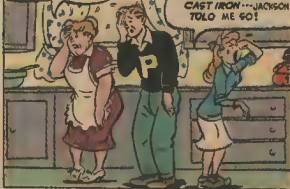
BUT EMMA, THIS WAS YOUR IDEA!... AND BESIDES, YOU SPENT 300 BUCKS OF MY HARD-EARNED CASH FOR THAT TABLE!... WE CAN'T AFFORD TO THROW THAT MUCH MONEY OUT THE WINDOW!



GULP! YOUR FATHER'S RIGHT, NATCH!... THIS WAS OUR IDEA! I WONDER IF MAC WOULD BUY THE TABLE BACK?

CREEPERG, NO! HE'S BEEN TRYIN' TO GET RID OF IT FOR TEN YEARS!

BAW! I WON'T BE ABLE TO CALL MY HOME MY OWN UNTIL THE TABLE'S WORN OUT, AND IT'LL NEVER BE, CUZ IT'S MADE OF CAST IRON... JACKSON TOLD ME SO!



MIDNIGHT!

YOUR SHOT, SAM!

HEY, JOE SPILLED YOUR COKE!

KILROY'S BEHIND 4 POINTS!

I AM NOT!



KILROY, YOU LAMB BRAIN! IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT NOISE AND LET US SLEEP, I'M COMIN' OVER AND PUNCH YOU RIGHT IN THE NOSE!

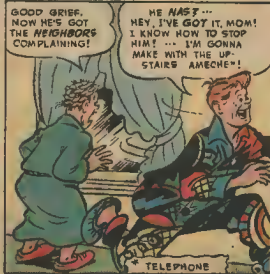
A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE AND I'LL DO WHAT I OBBONE PLEASE!

IF HE SLUGS YOU, ED, DON'T WORRY!... I'M A DOCTOR AND I'LL FIX IT FOR NOTHIN'!

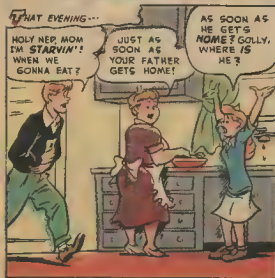
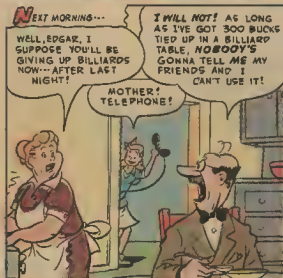
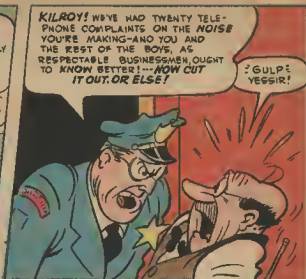


GOOD GRIEF, NOW HE'S GOT THE NEIGHBORS COMPLAINING!

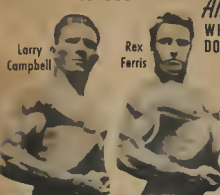
HE HAS? ... HEY, I'VE GOT IT, MOM! I KNOW HOW TO STOP HIM! ... I'M GONNA MAKE WITH THE UP-STAIRS AMECH!



TELEPHONE



Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents? to become an All-Around HE-MAN at Home



Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

**"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN**  
FAST—built won't cost you a cent—  
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GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

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BUILD A BOY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

I am making a drive for thousands of new trends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Value at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses. All in 3 great complete volumes for only 10c each! Packed with HOW-TO-DO IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building.



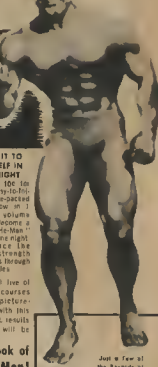
Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!



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- She Has Moving Eyes

Here's the low-down, that **CUDDEY, HUG-**  
**WASSLE**, is a baby, baby, Gurgles, Blands  
 She is 13" high and fat soft, smooth baby  
 of a **REAL RUBBER WONDERSNAP**  
 pretty little baby, baby, baby, baby, baby  
 She's got Blands curls and  
 and they're thick and long like real hair  
 And Blands's hair can be put up in ribbons  
 and bows and braids and curls and  
 and they sleepily close those blue blue eyes  
 the room gently will have next day's  
 fun. Every child will love the same  
 and the same and the same and the same  
 and knowledge her soft, baby RUBBER  
 Blands the same dream in her  
 and the same and the same and the same  
 and the same and the same and the same  
 eating daily a year for this deliciously  
 low price **SEND NO MONEY** - Rem  
 and the same and the same and the same  
 plan please.

EVERYBODY LOVES ME ...  
WON'T YOU?

IMAGING \$2.98  
ONLY complete



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May I like! More's real fun, lots  
of million, real again with  
**PUNCH** — colorful, lively,  
animated punching bag. Know  
it down, it always enters back  
at you for more! An Ideal  
tackling dummy — wrestling  
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Purchased against a wall, it be-  
comes a rapid punching bag.  
Perfect as an exercise and  
trainer, indoors or out.  
Made of extra heavy long  
lasting vinyl, over  
**32** inches tall, with  
stamped vinyl real easy  
inflation. **SEND NO**  
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pay postage, family  
with order, we pay  
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ORDER TODAY**

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**SENSATIONAL CONTINENTAL DESIGNED NEW  
1951 MOTOR  
CAR!!**



I've the key and the sun is up! You can make it go wherever  
 you wish because I'm a genius 3 your water on fire still  
 your car, untied, stuck in space... I'd like to see what's in your  
 your front, as the drawing wheel and... and on your postage (I's the pin)  
 drive down of a greenest automobile with all of the same features  
 ...ing, like him, red rubber wheel line, a straight wheel  
 straight racing board, and two best handgrips! Come already many  
 and the higher postage... A P&H for Air Canada, and down  
 the back of the machine... I'll let you know... I'll let you know...  
 break your postage today! Send your order and we pay postage at C.O.D.  
 after postage

**349**  
COMPLETE

hello!  
I'm **SANDY!**  
I drink I wet I sleep  
and you can  
**WAVE MY  
HAIR!**

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

**TERRIFIC  
VALUE!**

**398**

**SEND NO MONEY**

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on each order. See our postage!

STAY YOUR  
COURAGE

Crack Town

AMAZING!

**FREE  
HAIR  
WAVE  
KIT!**

SENSATIONAL DRINK  
AND WET DOLL IN  
washable rubber WON-  
DERSKIN with life-like  
hair and realistic hair-wave  
kit complete with plastic  
cutters, rubber waving  
bands, waving combs,  
papers, plastic comb and  
a bottle of delli hair lotion.

ADORABLE SANDY, 18  
inches tall, has sparkling  
blue eyes that come  
and close - she  
drinks from her  
bottle with rubber  
sippie (included)  
and then wets her  
diaper. You can bathe her  
- groove her cuddly arms  
- legs and head - make her  
stand, walk and sleep.

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